THE LIVEST MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

METROPOLITAN

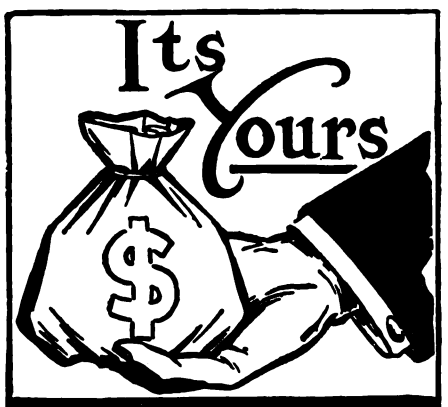
JANUARY 1913
15 CENTS

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA LIBRARY
X030600881

OVER QUARTER OF MILLION COPIES THIS ISSUE

Painted by Alonzo Kimball

Digitized by Google



WHY not place your subscriptions for two or more publications, when you can materially reduce the cost of your magazines and periodicals, and for the same money you now spend, add others to your subscription list. Our combination Club Plan, which insures this saving, is clearly explained in our

Big Catalog Sent Free

Contains a list of 3,000 periodicals at lowest prices. Tells you how to get twice as many magazines for the same money and includes information valuable to all magazine readers. The

44 Bargain Pages

in this Free Catalog contains all the best

Magazine Clubbing Offers

A postal brings it to you.
Better write for it today.

BENNETT'S MAGAZINE AGENCY
170 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

THE METROPOLITAN

Published monthly by THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE COMPANY. H. J. Whigham, president and secretary; T. J. Regan, vice-president; C. B. DeCamp, treasurer. 286 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Copyright, 1912, by THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE COMPANY. All rights reserved.

Entered at the New York Post Office, N.Y., as second-class matter. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Price 15 cents per copy; $1.50 per year. Foreign subscriptions 96 cents a year additional.

Make Money in Your Spare Time

Write for our Special Introductory Offer for spare time workers. Pleasant and remunerative work for enterprising men and women willing to turn spare hours into gold dollars. Write to-day.

Circulation Manager
Metropolitan Magazine, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York

Are You a Lodge Member?

Masonic—Shrine—Eastern Star—Odd Fellows—Rebekah—Knights of Pythias—Woodmen—Maccabees—Foresters—Knights Columbus and all other Secret Society Buttons—Pins—Rings—Charms—Medals—in stock or made to order. School—Class—Frat.—Sorority—Society Pins

WINSHIP & CO., Factory
706-6A Masonic Temple CHICAGO, ILL.

BEADS Make Purses, Belts, Dress Trimmings, Hair Ornaments; Necklaces; Lampshades and hundreds of other pretty things to wear, to sell and for the home. Illustrated catalogue for a stamp. Address
UNITED BEADWORK CO., 17 W. 45th St., New York City

"Home-Making, the New Profession"

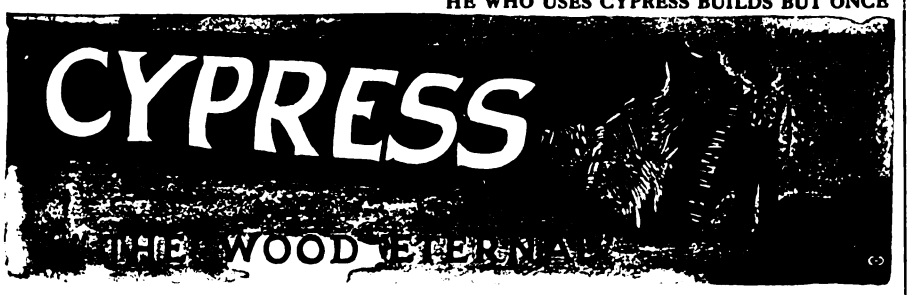
Is a 100-pp. ill. handbook—It's FREE. Home-study Domestic Science courses. For home-making, teaching and well-paid positions. Bulletins: "Free Hand Cooking," 10 cts.; "Food Values," 10 cts.; "The Up-To-Date Home, Labor Saving Devices," 15 cts.
Am. School of Home Economics, 584 W. 69th St., Chicago, Ill.

THE METROPOLITAN

VOL. XXXVII JANUARY, 1913 No. 3

BY THE EDITOR		4
THE MEN OF ZANZIBAR A Story	Richard Harding Davis	7
SOME REMINISCENCES	Arnold Bennett	12
A NEW CHIME FOR CHRISTMAS BELLS	Helen Keller	15
THE MADONNA OF THE ROSE A reproduction in color of the painting by P. A. Dagnan-Bouveret		16
AROUND THE WORLD IN ANY NUMBER OF DAYS	Maurice Baring	17
"STEEL UP AND LABOR DOWN"	Peter Clark Macfarlane	19
"VIV," AMATEUR ADVENTURESS A Serial Story	F. Tennyson Jesse	22
J. A. WAYLAND, PROPAGANDIST	A. M. Simons	25
THE BLUEBOTTLE DIVIDENDS A Story	Earl Derr Biggers	27
MY LIFE WITH THE PRINCESS LOUISE	Enrico Toselli	30
PLAYING SHAKSPERE An interview with E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe	Carl Hovey	32
AMONG THE OLD CALIFORNIA MISSIONS	Robert Haven Schauffler	37
A GARDEN GODDESS A Story	Demetra Vaka	40
A GOOD SPORT OF A PHILANTHROPIST Malcolm McDowell's Way of Helping Chicago's Homeless Men	Leo L. Redding	42
AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE A Story	Arthur Henry	44
THE HAPPIEST CHILD	Miriam Finn Scott	45
TIDINGS OF THE TIMES	Algernon Lee	48
THE DEMOCRATS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE	W. J. Ghent	49
BOOKS AND OPINIONS	John Richmond	50
BY AND LARGE	Franklin P. Adams	51

HE WHO USES CYPRESS BUILDS BUT ONCE



You know the ancient fame of

CYPRESS

but do you know its uses *today* and their significance to *you?*

CYPRESS DEFIES DECAY

CYPRESS AVERTS REPAIR BILLS

CYPRESS is *the* wood of Scriptural history and of romance; CYPRESS was the mystic wood of mythology—and it was the reliance of the sturdy builders of early America; CYPRESS always has been a magnet for those who have wrought sentiment and beauty into useful things—and CYPRESS is *today* the *staple wood* of the hard-headed calculating buyer who seeks the most *lasting* values for his lumber money.

This concerns *YOU*—if you like to avoid repair bills on anything made of wood.

It was of CYPRESS, according to Pliny, that the famous statue of Jupiter was carved; it existed more than six centuries without a sign of decay.

The historic Gates of Constantinople were of CYPRESS; they were on duty for eleven centuries without a furlough.

The CYPRESS doors of ancient St. Peter's, in Rome, were in a state of perfect preservation when removed by Eugenius IV; they had been swinging on the faithful for twelve centuries.

The only Egyptian mummies that survive intact and unblemished are those whose executors filed them in CYPRESS receptacles.

To bring the record nearer home—there was Thomas Lyon, who in 1640 built him a house in Greenwich, Connecticut. He put CYPRESS shingles on its roof and sides. With no exterior repairs of consequence, this house is today occupied as a residence.

THIS WAS AMERICAN CYPRESS—the kind we own and cut and are selling you.

CYPRESS is in truth "the wood eternal". He who uses Cypress builds but once. If you are putting up a palace or a pasture fence, and want to build it "for keeps"—USE CYPRESS.

There is a liberal education (and a wonderful *investment* value for you) in the CYPRESS advertising—and in the detailed information and reliable counsel to be had promptly, *WITHOUT COST*, if you will *WRITE US YOUR OWN NEEDS* (big or little), and *ASK YOUR OWN QUESTIONS* of the "All-round Helps Department" of the

Southern Cypress Manufacturers' Assn.
1220 HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

CYPRESS THE WOOD ETERNAL — CYPRESS RESISTS ALL ROT INFLUENCES — CYPRESS LASTS FRACTIONS OF A CENTURY FOREVER — CYPRESS AVERTS REPAIR BILLS — CYPRESS THE WOOD ETERNAL

Insist on CYPRESS at Your Local Dealer's. If He Hasn't It *Let Us Know At Once.*

Copyright Notman Photographic Co.

Charles W. Eliot

If Dr. Eliot Invited You

to come into his library and talk with him about your reading and look over his books—you would be likely to accept that invitation—wouldn't you?

If he were to show you fifty books and say that the reading of them, even if you could spare but fifteen minutes a day, would give you such a knowledge of ancient and modern literature as seems essential to the Twentieth Century idea of a cultivated man—you would at least want to know what those books were.

There are few men, no matter what their advantages of education, who would not be interested in such a proposition. In

The Harvard Classics

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

The great American educator has, in effect, done just that thing. He has chosen from the thousands of volumes in his library fifty books, which, he believes, best record the history of civilization, the progress of the human race from the earliest ages to the present day. In notes, introductions and reading courses he has given you the benefit of his long years of experience as an educator. He has mapped out what are practically university extension courses.

Popular Priced Edition

We have just issued a popular Edition of the Five-Foot Shelf that will be sold at a popular price on easy terms.

In publishing the Popular Edition we are carrying out Dr. Eliot's original idea of producing a set of books that could be sold at a price that would put them within easy reach of the average American.

At Least Ask For This Book

SENT FREE

At least you will want to know what fifty books Dr. Eliot has selected. We have prepared a little booklet to tell about these fifty books. It was made to give away. There is a copy for you. Ask for it by mailing the coupon cut from this advertisement.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Inc.
Publishers of Good Books
416 West 13th Street
New York City

P. F. Collier & Son, Inc. Met. 1-13
416 W. 13th Street, New York

Please send to me by mail, free of charge, the book describing The Harvard Classics, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Name.....

Address.....

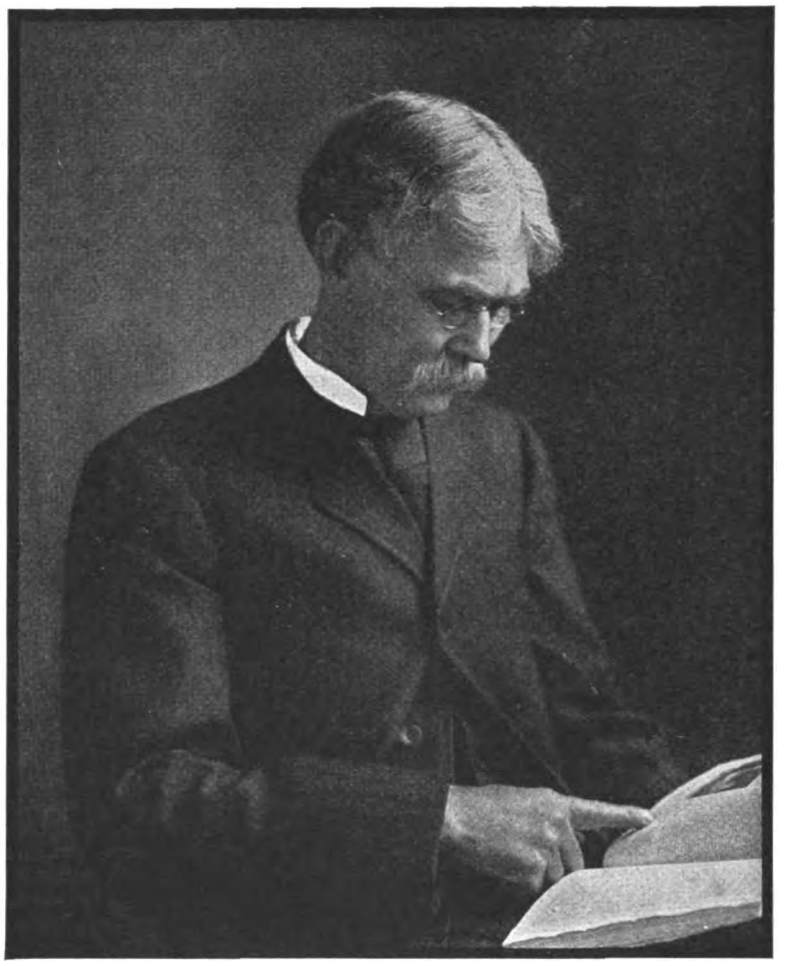
Digitized by Google

J. A. WAYLAND, PROPAGANDIST

By
A. M. SIMONS

SUNDAY night, November tenth, in the little city of Girard, Kan., Julius A. Wayland, the founder and master mind of the "Appeal to Reason," shut himself in his room and put a bullet through his head. The press reports hinted that his act was prompted by fear of the outcome of a trial which was to begin the next day. To all who knew the man, the suggestion was ridiculous. Wayland had never flinched nor sidestepped. He had courted a series of conflicts with the authorities, and always emerged victorious. His suicide was amply explained by the melancholy which had grown upon him since the sudden death of his wife, together with the nerve-racking pain caused by a cancer, which was slowly killing him.

The following article—the first adequate account of Wayland's personality which has ever been published—was written by his editorial associate, A. M. Simons, only a few weeks before his death. It has now an added interest to the millions who have been reached by Wayland's influence, but who knew almost nothing of the man.



THE LATE J. A. WAYLAND, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN 1908

IF some time when traveling in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car you have seen a quiet, smiling man with an intensely earnest face leaning forward and arguing with mild, quizzical, leading questions concerning Socialism, it is possible that you have seen J. A. Wayland, the greatest propagandist of Socialism that has ever lived.

It is as a preacher of Socialism to the masses that Wayland is preeminent. He is not a theorist. He made no careful study of the great theoreticians of Socialism until long after he had been spreading its doctrines among hundreds of thousands. He has never written a line of controversial matter, though dealing with a subject that has inspired more controversy than any other save religion. He has never made a half dozen speeches, and these always under protest, although Socialism has blessed many with the gift of tongues. He is not an organizer, though he has sown where a multitude of organizers have reaped. Indeed, he is scarcely interested in what organization may spring up as a result of his preaching. He is so little of a politician that he never attended a Socialist convention until 1912, and then he sat in the gallery the whole week without more than half a dozen delegates knowing that he was there. With each recurring election he is nominated for office, but always declines.

Many have tried to interest him in these other lines of Socialist activity, but always in vain. He has found the truth. He does not seek to polish or refine it or even to add to its quantity. He is concerned only with telling it to others.

With him propaganda is a passion. He has lived in the little sleepy town of Girard, Kan., for sixteen years. For a while the residents were indifferent, then bitterly hostile. The town became known as impregnable to Socialism. Even the irrepressible wandering "soap-boxers" gave it a wide berth. But there was one person who never lost faith. Wayland has distributed thousands of books and tens of thousands of papers and pamphlets in this town. He has talked Socialism to every man, woman or child within its borders, whom he could persuade to listen to him. A year ago last spring, Girard elected a Socialist mayor. Did this mean a vacation for the chief propagandist? On the contrary, it was about this time that he showed me his card catalogue of "prospects." He had listed on these cards every person who had shown the slightest interest in Socialism, and each record was kept up to date with the list of papers, pamphlets and books read or asked for and to be furnished in the future.

Given a man whose business and recreation, hobby and vocation was spreading the gospel of Socialism, and who brought to this one idea a mind and energy that had made him a successful real estate speculator, and it was inevitable that some such tremendous propaganda machine as the *Appeal to Reason* should result. Wayland's newspapers have always been projections of his own personality. They have been methods which the business side of him has developed to extend his power of personal propaganda.

He set himself the task of determining how best to enter into and influence the minds of others. Few words are more frequently on his lips than "psychology," but he is not referring to the text-book philosophy so named. He is thinking of the mental attitudes of those whom he would approach. He is entering into their thought-processes, that he may inject his own ideas with as little disturbance of previous mental currents as possible. In his study of mankind as a receptacle for Socialism he has evolved a philosophy of his own.

"We see nothing in anybody else," he mused, in a strangely emphatic way. "We see only the reflection of ourselves in others. We see our own love and hate. Man is not good or bad—he just *is*." So he has been looking into his own mind and into the minds of others to find out what there is there that can be reached and attached to Socialism.

Considering the task he set himself—the reaching of a vast multitude with a gospel which they did not desire to hear—his success has been marvelous. Judged by results, no other man has ever come so close to understanding the mind of that great class who have the most right to be called "typical Americans." These are the people who live on farms or in towns of less than ten thousand, who have mental backgrounds built up from being taught in the public schools, reading weekly newspapers, attending Protestant services, discussing at the corner grocery, and belonging to one of the old political parties. To these he speaks the language they use in daily conversation, and touches the associations most responsive to reason or sentiment.

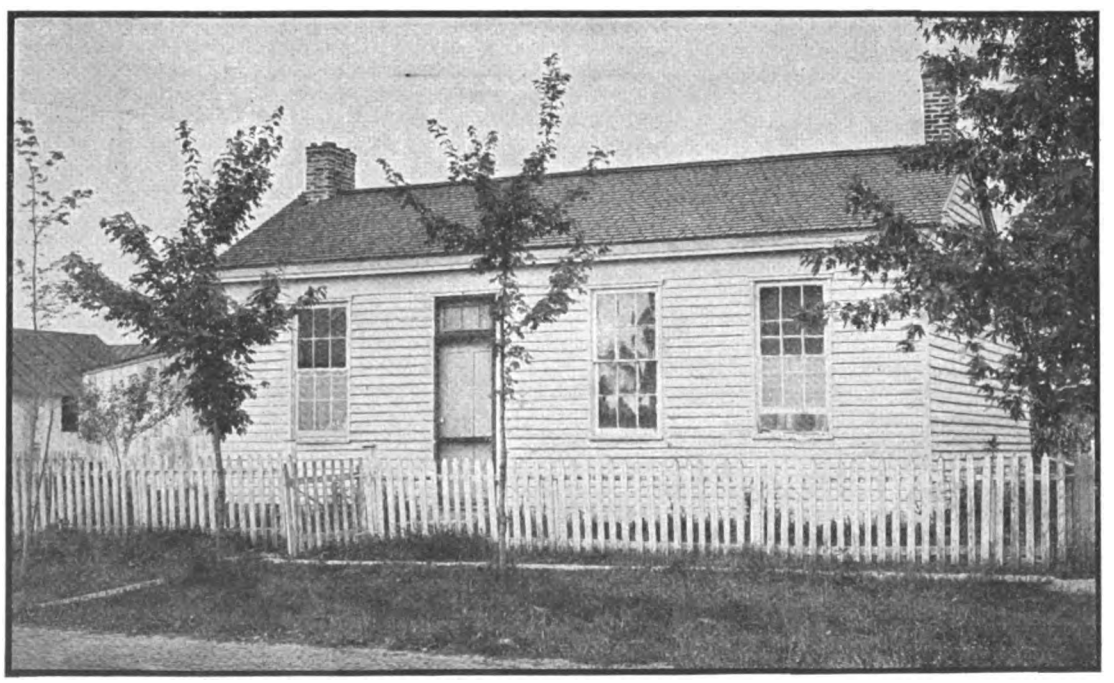
"Beware of antagonism," is a favorite phrase. "When you have made an antagonist you have closed the door to his mind," he added. Then he told the story of how the violation of this rule by one person and the observance of it by another made him a Socialist.

Waking up an Ignoramus

SOME twenty years ago Mr. Wayland was riding out of New Orleans in a smoking compartment, in which the only other occupant was the general solicitor for a great railroad system. As the train ran over the network of tracks, Mr. Wayland, just to make conversation, remarked that there must be a great deal of duplication in railroad building. Up to this point his traveling companion had been taciturn, now he became insulting. Turning fiercely upon his questioner the attorney began by calling him an ignoramus, and then dilated upon the ignorance of the public in general and Wayland in particular, on the subject of railroads. "You are so ignorant that you do not even know what is the largest element of expense in railroad building and operation. You could not guess it in twenty trials," he scolded. With characteristic Socratic modesty, Mr. Wayland admitted his ignorance and asked for information. "It is R-E-N-T," shouted the attorney in tones calculated to intimidate a witness. Then he rubbed it in. He gloated over his superior knowledge. He sneered at the ignorance that had presumed to criticize the wisdom of railroad management.

Here was where he made a mistake that has cost the rent and profit-receiving class of America dear. He had made an antagonist, and while closing his mind to the railroad defense, he had opened it wide to the other side and roused an insatiable desire to know. "He not only called me an ignoramus; he proved his case and made me register a vow to get an education on this subject," is the way his listener tells the story.

The next step was taken in Pueblo, Colo., where Wayland was carrying on a real estate business and operating a small printing



WAYLAND'S BIRTHPLACE AT VERSAILLES, IND., WHERE HE LIVED UNTIL HE WAS TWENTY-THREE YEARS OLD

Digitized by Google

shop. A great railroad strike was on and he was doing some printing for the strikers, which brought him one day into conversation with a group of the men. This talk took place in front of a shoemaker's shop, whose proprietor joined in the discussion. Soon Wayland reverted to his talk with the lawyer. The shoemaker was listening. When the group started to break up he handed a pamphlet to Wayland with the remark that here was something that might help him in understanding the railroad question.

Here was one of those critical points when the balance seems trembling with only a hair's weight needed to turn the pointer. William Bradfield, the Pueblo shoemaker, was giving Wayland his first lesson in many things besides railroads. He was teaching the science of propaganda to the aptest pupil that ever attended school.

MAILING ONE OF THE BIG EDITIONS OF WAYLAND'S PAPER, "THE APPEAL TO REASON," AT GIRARD, KANSAS

As for the pupil, he stuck the pamphlet in a pocket and forgot it. Only when Sunday morning came and he looked through the pockets, did he come across it again. Then it was read carefully and returned to the owner. The shoemaker recognized that he now had a decided nibble and began cautiously to feel out the line. Because the methods he pursued are being followed by thousands of Socialist workers to-day, because it is to that fact more than to any other save industrial evolution that the rapid spread of Socialism is due, and because it is J. A. Wayland, more than any other person, who has developed and taught the methods used in his own conversion, every step in the process is a part of our story.

When the pamphlet was returned the shoemaker dropped a few carefully considered questions to ascertain the line of least resistance for further approach. Then more books and pamphlets were lent, always accompanied with the same careful questioning.

During all this time the word Socialism was never mentioned. Twenty years ago that word was a bugbear with which to scare inquisitive intellectual children.

At last Bradfield decided that the proper mental background had been prepared. So one day, when Wayland dropped into the little cobbler's shop he was greeted with the usual remarks, "Here is something I would like you to read," and Gronlund's "The Cooperative Commonwealth" was placed in his hand. It was with much misgiving that Bradfield handed the book to his hoped-for convert. Had he moved too quickly? Would he frighten away his pupil and thus lose all the fruits of his work? These questions disturbed the rest of the Socialist shoemaker during the succeeding days.

The Convert

AS Wayland walked down the street, he drew the book from his pocket. The word "Socialism" stared at him from the title page. "Until that moment," says Wayland, "the word had been associated in my mind with conspiracies and assassination. I thought of it as something about like a 'Black Hand' society. When I saw the word I was tempted to throw the book away. Then I thought I might as well find out what it was, anyhow, and decided to sneak the book into the house and read it secretly."

Once the book was opened, however, it was like throwing wide window blinds that had concealed a wonderful view. Nearly the entire night had passed before its contents had been devoured. Then the reader saw toward what all the conversations with the shoemaker, and all the reading to which he had been led was tending. He saw that this book only put in definite form and labeled that which he had already learned to believe.

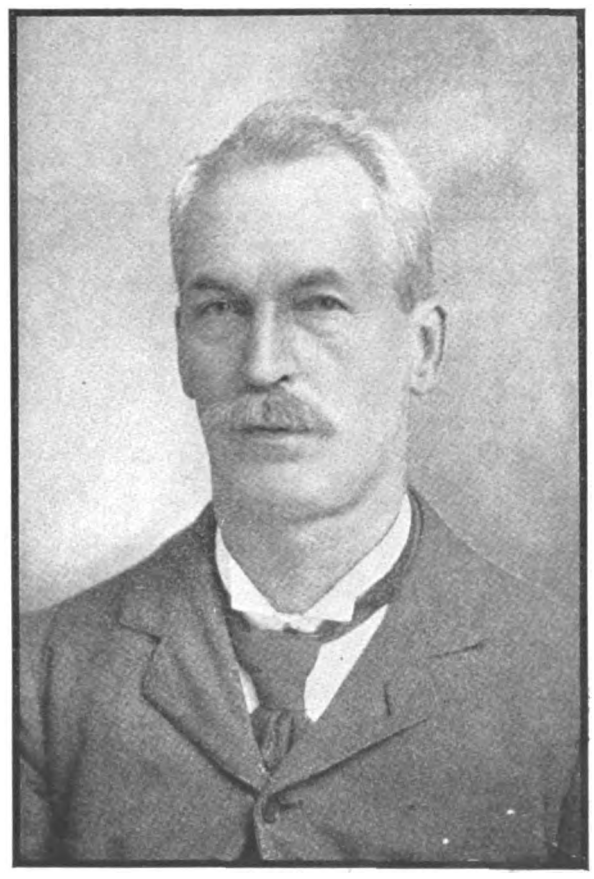
The next day he went back to the shoe-shop, with the question, "Is there an organization to further this thing?" His anxiety to turn conviction into action was characteristic.

He was told that the People's Party in Pueblo stood for "this thing." He hastened to its headquarters, and eagerly offered to help. Then he received his first lesson in the "no compromise" side of Socialism, the violation of which afterwards wrecked the People's Party. Wayland had become a rich real estate speculator. He was told that no one of his kind was wanted. His offer to donate money was resented as attempted bribery. At last he succeeded in convincing his listeners of his sincerity and persuaded them to take a hundred dollar check.

He was now in the first fine frenzy of the new convert. Business and everything was neglected while he told his new story to whomever would listen. As a result of his efforts, management, and money, a large vote was polled for the People's Party candidates in Pueblo. Wayland kept careful watch of this growing sentiment and when his old associates among the real estate operators ridiculed his activities he challenged them to back up their ridicule with money. When the election came and the bets were paid, those who had laughed paid for their fun and also for the Populist campaign.

Spreading the News

IT was during this campaign that his vision began to encompass wider possibilities of propaganda. Naturally, a periodical was the first instrument that suggested itself; the more so since his trade from boyhood had been that of printer and publisher, although for a few years his greater profits from real estate had driven his publishing interests into the background. He now began to plan a Socialist paper and had his ideas well worked out when a new impulse affected his life. His study of industrial conditions in the light of Socialism told him that another panic was impending. This was in 1892, and to all others the financial sky was spotless of clouds. But he was sure of his conclusions and suddenly began to offer his large real estate holdings at prices far below the current market. His friends became convinced that he was insane. "But that did not prevent them from snapping up what they thought were bargains at my expense," says Wayland. "Nor did it prevent most of them from going into bankruptcy within the next few months," he adds.



WILLIAM BRADFIELD, THE PUEBLO SHOEMAKER, WHO CONVERTED WAYLAND TO SOCIALISM

With every dollar of his property turned into gold, he cut loose from all other interests and set forth as a propagandist knight against the giant Capitalism. His first stop was at Greensburg, Ind., where he established the *Coming Nation*, his first Socialist paper. From the start it was a remarkable success. He wrote almost the entire paper in a simple, homely, striking English that reminds one of Bunyan, and still more of Ben Franklin. There are many paragraphs that might well have been written for "Poor Richard's Almanac." I pick three samples from two successive pages in a recent collection of his writings:

"The longer you submit to unjust conditions, the harder it will be to change them."

"The wisest men I have ever met have been poor. This is self-evident, for if they had given their every thought to money-making, they would have had no time or inclination to study the thoughts of philosophers."

"None of us possess all of wisdom nor can possess it all, but the trouble lies in the fact that so few care to possess any."

From the days of Epictetus to the most popular editorial writer of to-day, the man who can phrase a message in words drawn from everyday life will not lack for listeners. Instead of the circulation of the *Coming Nation* being limited to 10,000, which was the height of his expectations, it had gone to 65,000 within a little over a year.

An Attempted Utopia

IT was the time of the agrarian revolt of Populism. The great industrial unrest that was to burst forth in the railroad strike of 1894 was bubbling beneath the surface. Into this condition had been projected a book that vaguely formulated the dreams and aspirations of this troubled time,—Bellamy's "Looking Backward." This was the environment from which sprung the Socialism of J. A. Wayland, and this was why his propaganda gave rise to a separate current that was long in merging with the International stream.

"Looking Backward" made a tremendous impression upon Wayland. He read it enthusiastically as a novel at first, with no realization of the philosophy back of it. Then, when William Bradfield had opened his eyes, he seized upon it eagerly, as a means of spreading the gospel of a new and better and possible society. To this day it is the first book he lends to a new inquirer—"Not," he says, "because it will make him a Socialist, but because it puts a picture in the back of a man's mind, with which all arguments will be associated."

This combination of Bellamy and Gronlund with the Populism of the early nineties, led almost inevitably to Utopian colonization theories. This is the path the Socialist movement as a whole has traveled. It is the most common line of mental evolution of individuals. So on the twenty-second of July, 1894, Wayland gathered about him a group of enthusiasts and took them with his flourishing paper to Ruskin, Tenn. He had not yet learned that things must be done by the working class, not for it. He poured out his energies without stint to found this "germ of the Cooperative Commonwealth." He bought the land, built the houses, and furnished, in his paper, the largest industry of the colony.

There have been almost as many explanations of the failure of Ruskin as there were colonists. At any rate the colony ended in fierce recriminations, in the midst of which the founder quietly slipped away, leaving his paper to the colonists, who promptly wrecked it with mismanagement.

His own explanation is that of the propagandist: "There was no one to work on, and no chance to grow, so we wore one another out."

(*Continued on page 62*)

Digitized by Google

West Indies and Panama Canal
Eight cruises during January, February, March and April by S. S. Moltke and S. S. Victoria Luise.
Two cruises from New Orleans, Jan. 23, Feb. 10, by S. S. Kronprinzessin Cecilie.

Around the World Sixth Cruise sailing from San Francisco, Feb. 6, 1913, by S. S. Cleveland (*17,000 tons*), duration 110 days, $650 up, including all necessary expenses aboard and ashore.

Jamaica and the Panama Canal, Cuba, Hayti, Colombia, Costa Rica—weekly sailings by "Prinz" and other steamers of our Atlas Service.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
41-45 Broadway - - New York City
Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Chicago St. Louis San Francisco

Save Magazine Money

A postal card request will bring you our new magazine club catalogue. Our catalogue last season saved magazine money for thousands of METROPOLITAN readers. Let our *new* catalogue save *you* money this year. Write for it today.

Service Department
Metropolitan Magazine
286 Fifth Avenue
New York

course no sentry should permit a dog to enter the fort unattended—if then—and Perry roused to this sudden emergency, gave chase. The pup turned, and scenting at once a friend, imagined it was a game. He dashed about in clumsy circles, attacking, retreating, tumbling over his own overgrown legs, but eluding the one hand sweeping the air for his capture. Perry swung the gun from his shoulder with the idea of laying it down, but at the same moment the pup ran between his legs, and he stumbled. The captain seeing the gun pointing toward him turned his back, there was an explosion and the bullet, hitting one of the muddy marks a glancing blow, cut a stinging gash in the flesh and buried itself in a grassy bank some twenty yards away.

The discharge of the gun was a great surprise to Perry, and yet it was true, as he confessed afterward at the trial, that he distinctly saw the captain before the gun went off and that his eyes were fixed as if hypnotized on the exact spot where the ball struck. It seemed to him that it was the most conspicuous object in the landscape, filling the horizon as it were, and he admitted also that he was sure the gun was going off several seconds before it did. But he denied all intention of firing. The captain was almost insane with humiliation and rage, and demanded nothing less than that the culprit should spend six months in the guard-house suspended from its rafters by his thumbs.

During the trial Mrs. Moore and Bessie fairly haunted the fort and were frequent guests of the major at dinner. On the very day of the shooting all his former kindliness and good humor returned, and he assured Mrs. Moore that there was no cause for alarm.

Of course it was a clumsy thing for a soldier to do, and out of consideration for the captain's sense of outrage, Perry Saunders was discharged from further service and sent home to marry and make a fortune.

Captain Tooting, at first appeased, was later incensed when he heard that the major's parting gift to the lovers was the setter pup, wearing a silver collar on which was inscribed:

THANKS
PRESENTED TO PRIVATE SAUNDERS
BY
HIS MAJOR
IN MEMORY OF AN
HONORABLE DISCHARGE

J. A. WAYLAND

(*Continued from page 26*)

The *Coming Nation* dying in the hands of the quarreling Ruskinites, Wayland founded the *Appeal to Reason,* in Kansas City, and on December 22, 1896, brought it to Girard. These were different times. The panic was here, the Spanish-American War impending, and even the most skilled of propagandists found it hard to get readers. For months the paper steadily lost money, until no inconsiderable portion of the thousands that had been carried from Pueblo in gold was poured into the ever-growing deficit.

Perhaps it was just this hard struggle that led to those measures by which Wayland has projected his propaganda power in such a remarkable manner. The most important was the organization of a great band of volunteer circulation agents—the "Appeal Army." Here, again, he was initiating something that has impressed itself deeply upon the American Socialist movement. In some way he succeeded in inspiring a multitude of individuals with something of his own enthusiasm for careful personal propaganda with literature. More than sixty thousand such individual workers now are enrolled on the lists in the *Appeal* office.

From first to last the *Appeal* is a propaganda paper. It does not seek to educate its readers in the philosophy of Socialism. It aims, first of all, to attract their attention to the existence of Socialism; then to disarm their prejudice; and finally to attract to a study of its principles and the support of its policies. While Wayland remained in active charge it depended largely upon its compact, simple paragraphs. In recent years he has withdrawn from active management and the paper is directed by Fred D. Warren, a man who is an adept at a sort of controversial jiu jutsu. It was he who showed how to turn the continuous attacks by the postoffice and the courts into valuable assets for furthering the circulation of the paper.

When the Federal Government haled him into court for making a sensational offer of a $5,000 reward to anyone who would kidnap Governor Taylor as Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone had been kidnapped, Warren at once used this discrimination against him to rouse the fighting blood of the "Appeal Army." Consequently, when his case was pending before the Federal Court at St. Paul, the mails were literally clogged with the thousands of subscriptions sent in as a protest.

Bernard Shaw once said that had it been necessary to attract people to his message of Socialism, he would have donned cap and bells and driven a cart through the streets of London. When the *Appeal,* guided by Warren, discovered that not even the limpid paragraphs of Wayland would attract all the multitudes the paper was determined to reach, it donned cap and bells, hammered tom-toms, and shrieked from the housetops. It "crusaded" and piled on the yellow paint and grimaced in the faces of the mighty; but always when the crowd had gathered, it told them the story of Socialism in persuasive words. And to what crowds it has talked! When special occasions have arisen, it has sent out single editions of over three million. Its regular edition is over five hundred thousand. It has made a first-class postoffice of a town of three thousand population. It has caused the re-routing of mail over whole lines of railroads in the district where it is published.

At the present moment both Wayland and Warren are under indictment in the Federal courts on a charge of sending obscene matter through the mails. This "obscene matter" consists of the facts concerning conditions in the Federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. These conditions had been testified to before national authorities, and ignored. Every effort had been used to bring about reform without publicity, but in vain. Then the *Appeal* gave publicity, and gave it in good measure, and reform followed fast. But woe unto them by whom reform came. The editors were indicted.

Last summer an effort was made to get them on a charge of corrupting a witness. The case was brought in the form of contempt proceedings before a judge who had been severely "muckraked" by the *Appeal,* but he was compelled to grant an acquittal and a civil suit for malicious prosecution has since been brought against those responsible for the case.

J. A. Wayland is seldom in the *Appeal* office to-day. He has become an inveterate traveler, and is more often to be found talking Socialism in a Pullman, than on the streets of Girard. Yet the paper is still a projection of the personal propaganda of its founder. It still speaks in the close personal manner. It still inspires to devoted personal work. It still goes out into the highways and byways and compels the strangers to come in and partake of the feast of reason that has been spread.

Digitized by Google